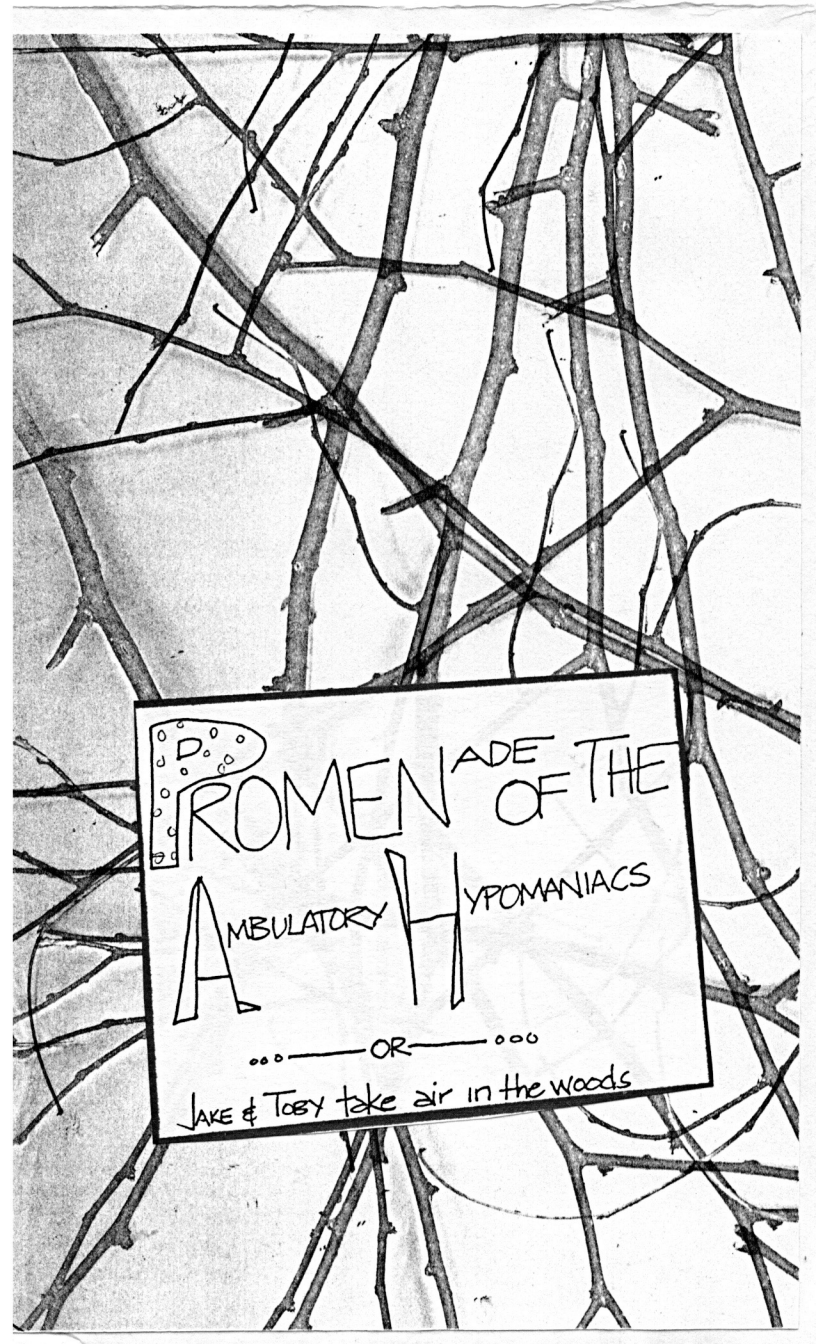


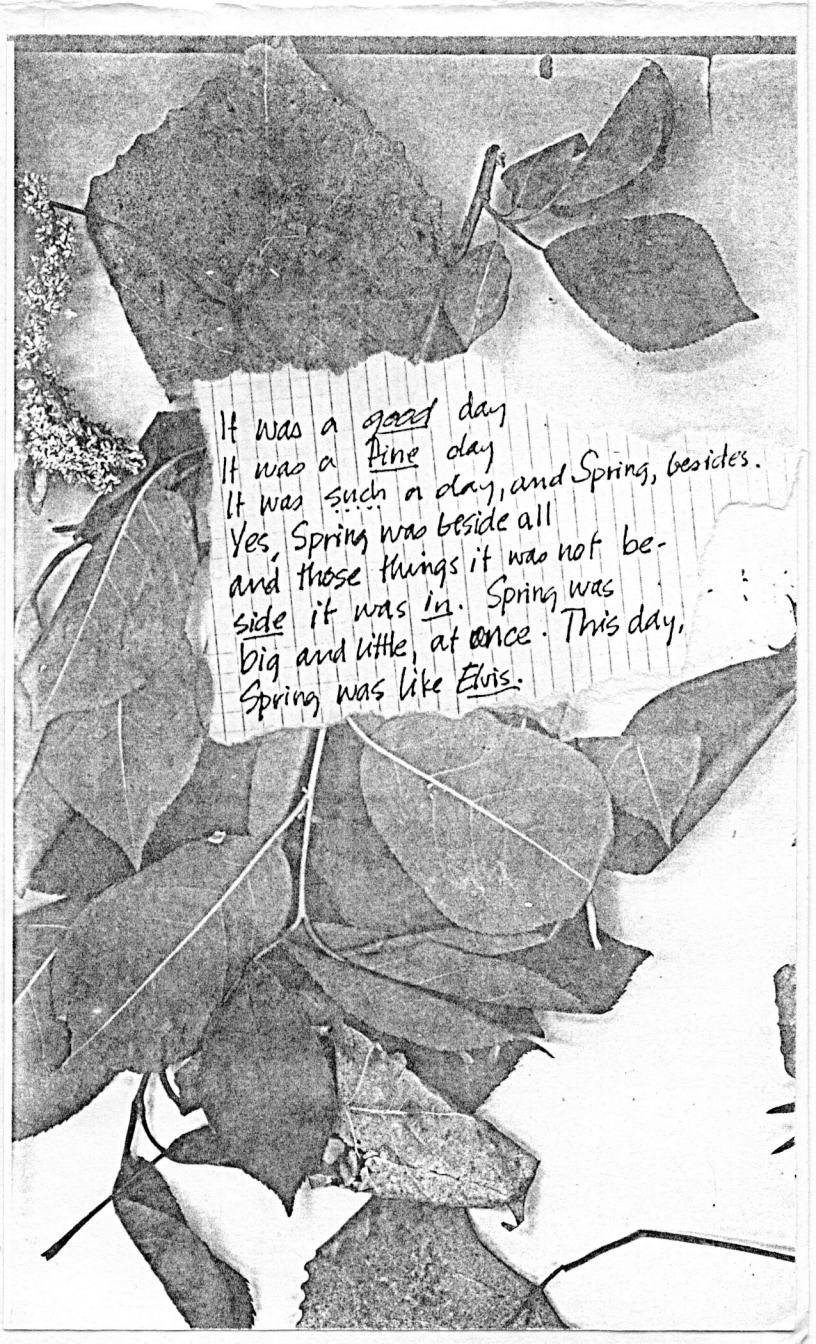


PROMENADE OF THE
AMBULATORY HYPMANIACS

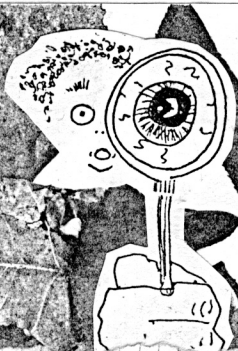
... — OR — ...

JAKE & TOSY take air in the woods





It was a good day
It was a fine day
It was such a day, and Spring, besides.
Yes, Spring was beside all
and those things it was not be-
side it was in. Spring was
big and little, at once. This day,
Spring was like Elvis.



It was such a nice day, and
such a day. Besides, that
Jacob Jesus Escape (whose middle
name means big and little) was
inclined to find some small,
some interesting, some engaging
sort of adventure in the woods.

And, because it was no other day than
this, Teby Samba Gherkin, old
nemesis - prosthetic - mimetic -
benefitic - alteregoitic buddy — o yes,
and partner to various escapade here
unnamed — of Jacob Jesús Escape,
reluctantly agreed to accompany his pal,
Jake.





Jake was optimistic. It was a see and saw day. He was up! up! up! Toby was skeptical and not entirely comfortable in the exo-urban environment, anyway. He knew interesting was, at best, a non-directional term. Jake was apt to find all sorts of natural disasters interesting. Toby would probably sprain his ankle.

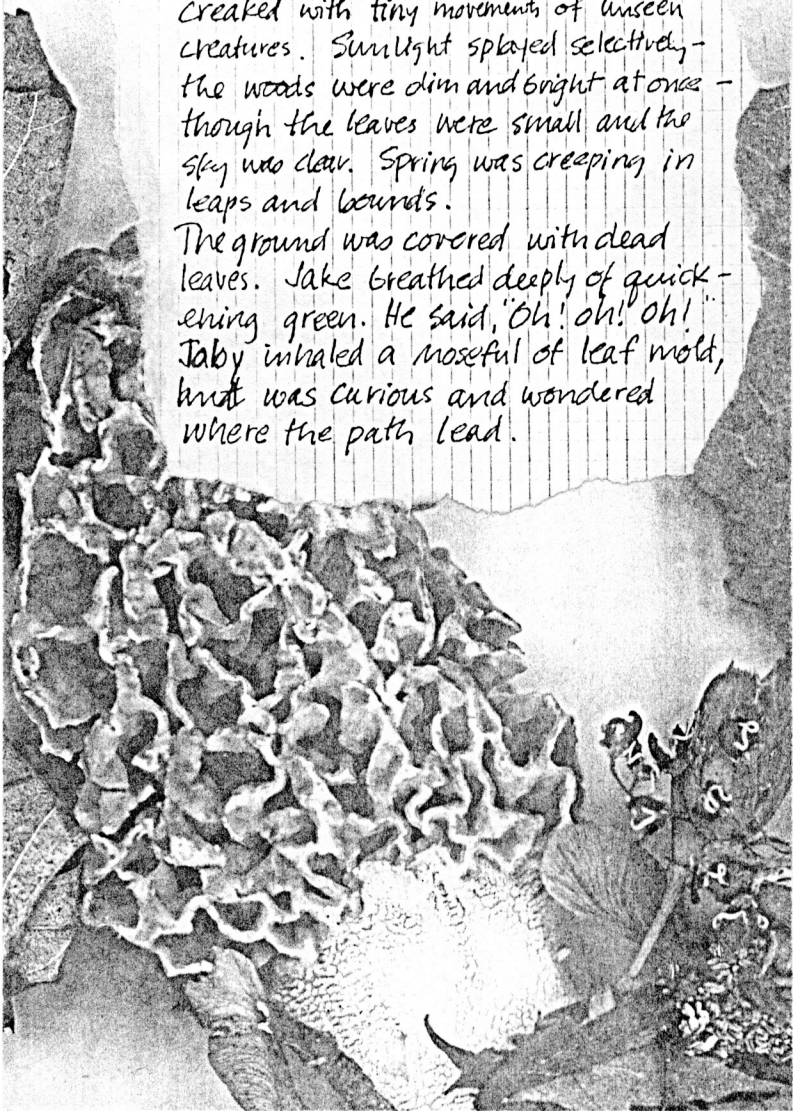
But, you know what kind of a day it was, and besides, Toby was feeling some what big and little himself. He brought his tape recorder and a comic book, just in case, and double-tied his sneakers. Toby was resigned to tripping on branches and feeling crickets in his pants legs.

Jake knew his boots were ready. You could see it in his eyes. He was anxious for disaster adventure. Jake brought a mayonaisse jar and a bread bag and his small box of water-proof matches, just in case. He was ready to bite twigs and eat dirt.

Off to the woods they went.

The woods were whispering, charming, beckening: full of mystery, surprise and decay. Trees swayed gracefully though the air was still. The floor creaked with tiny movements of unseen creatures. Sunlight splayed selectively - the woods were dim and bright at once - though the leaves were small and the sky was clear. Spring was creeping in leaps and bounds.

The ground was covered with dead leaves. Jake breathed deeply of quickening green. He said, "Oh! oh! oh!" Jaby inhaled a noseful of leaf mold, but was curious and wondered where the path lead.

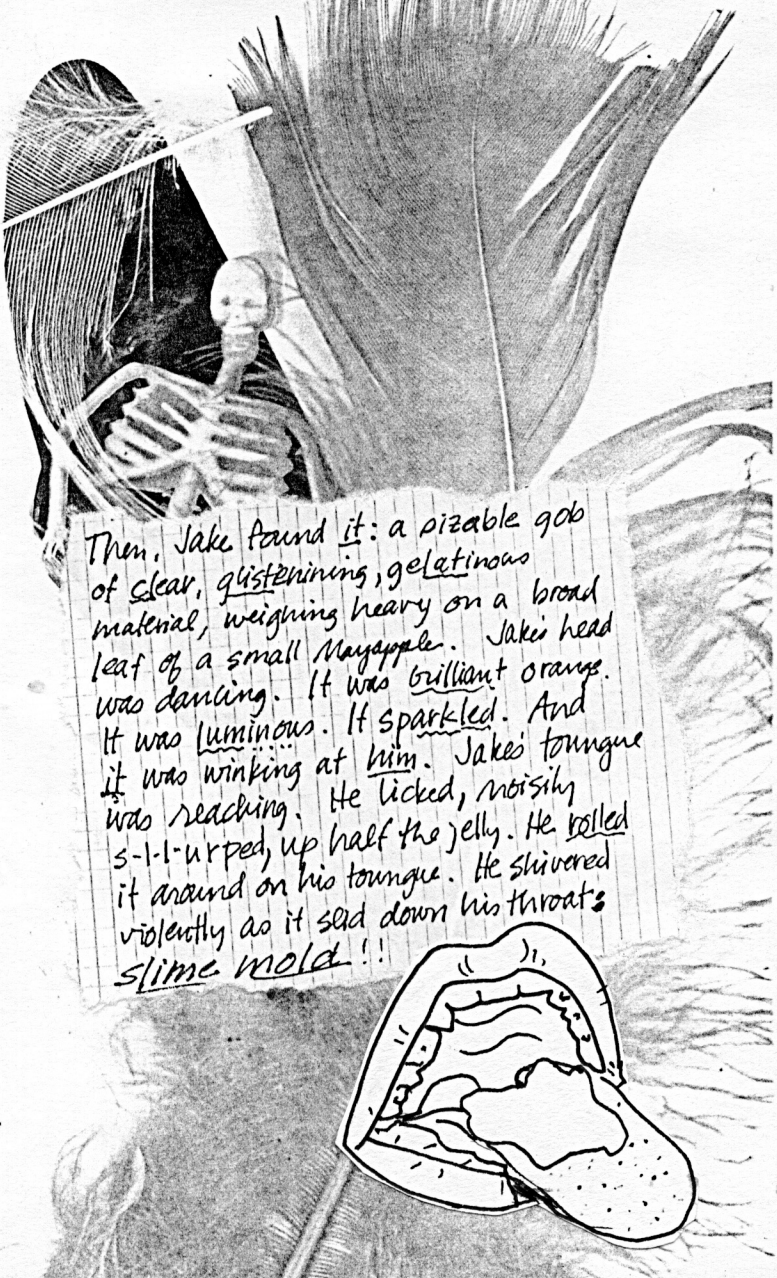


Excitement mounting, Jake fell
to his hands and knees. He was
tracking critters; searching for fruiting
bodies. Jake tried very hard to be
quieter and quieter. He was being

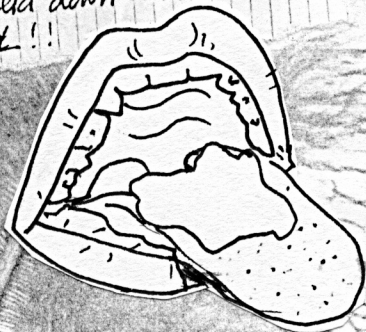
so quiet that his thoughts were very loud.

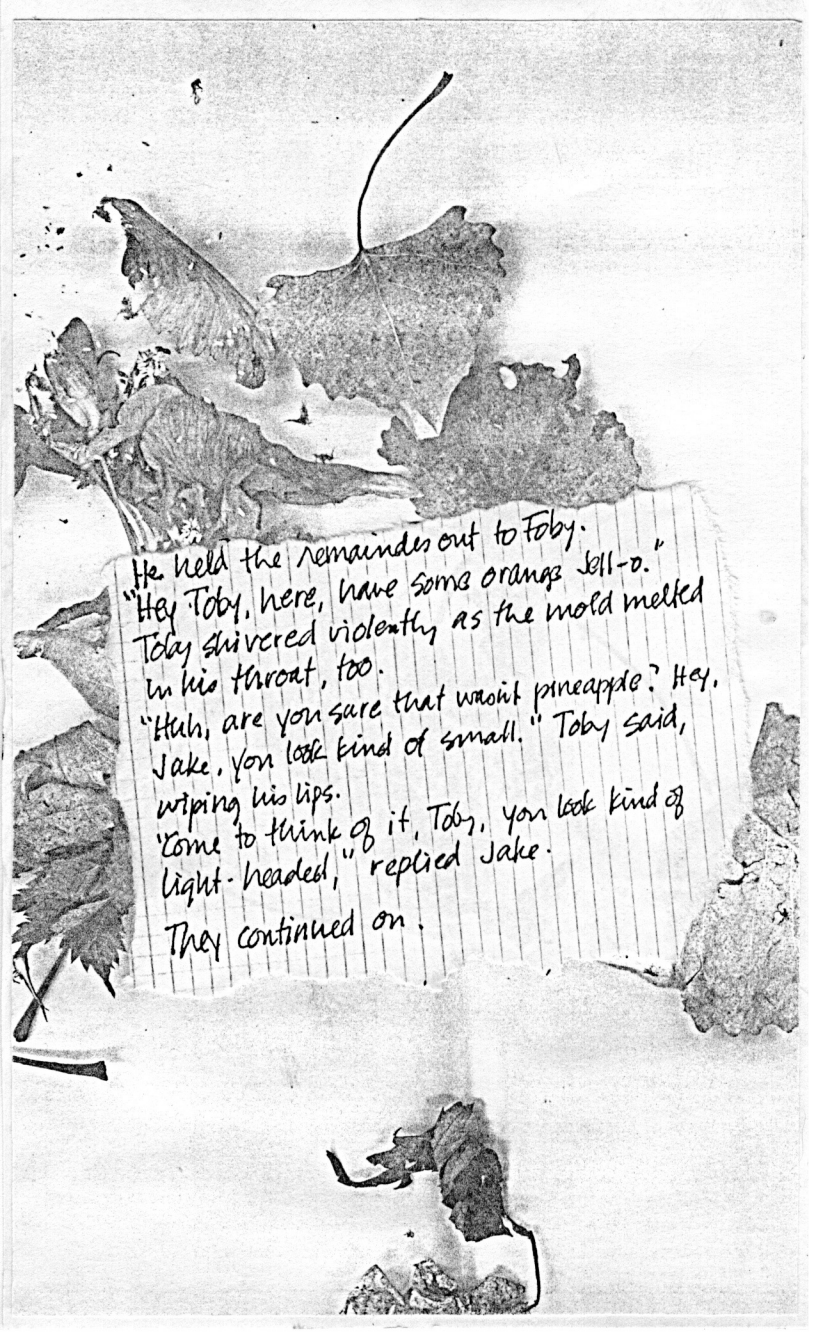
Jake noticed that although Toby
kept plodding along upright, his
methodically slapping sneakers
made no sound. Toby
felt light headed; Jake felt smaller.





Then, Jake found it: a pizable gob
of clear, glistening, gelatinous
material, weighing heavy on a broad
leaf of a small Mayapple. Jake's head
was dancing. It was brilliant orange.
It was luminous. It sparkled. And
it was winking at him. Jake's tongue
was reaching. He licked, noisily
s-l-l-urped, up half the jelly. He rolled
it around on his tongue. He shivered
violently as it slid down his throat:
slime mold !!



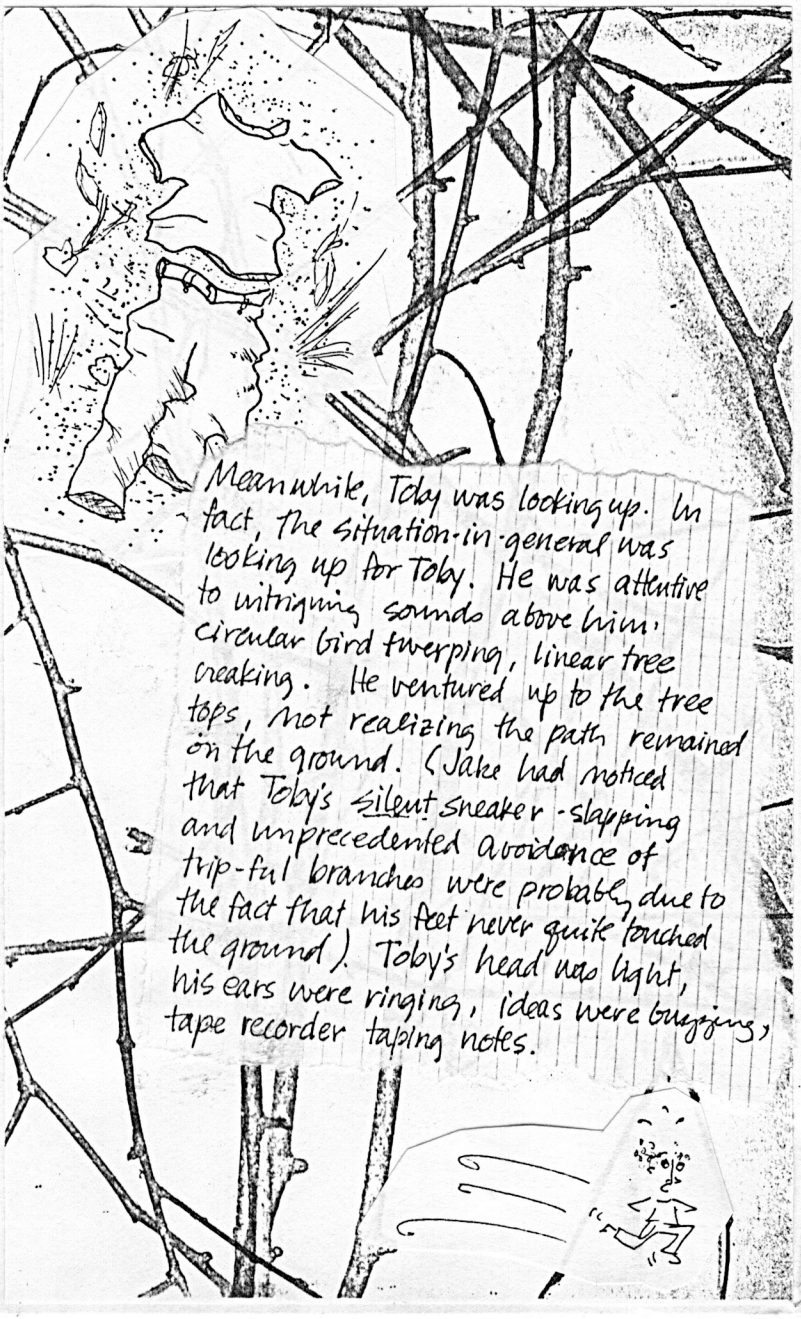


He held the remainder out to Toby.
"Hey Toby, here, have some oranges sell-o."
Toby shivered violently as the mold melted
in his throat, too.
"Huh, are you sure that wasn't pineapple?" Hey,
Jake, you look kind of small." Toby said,
wiping his lips.
"Come to think of it, Toby, you look kind of
light-headed," replied Jake.
They continued on.



On his hands and knees, Jake was as happy as a mermilionid in an ant's nest. The ground burgeoned with secrets. Mud felt cool and damp on his hands and knees. Everything was so vivid, so clear, so astounding, so big, so very large... so very much larger than he. Jake hadn't noticed that he was getting so small. Well, perhaps he could chase down a wood roach in that dead log...



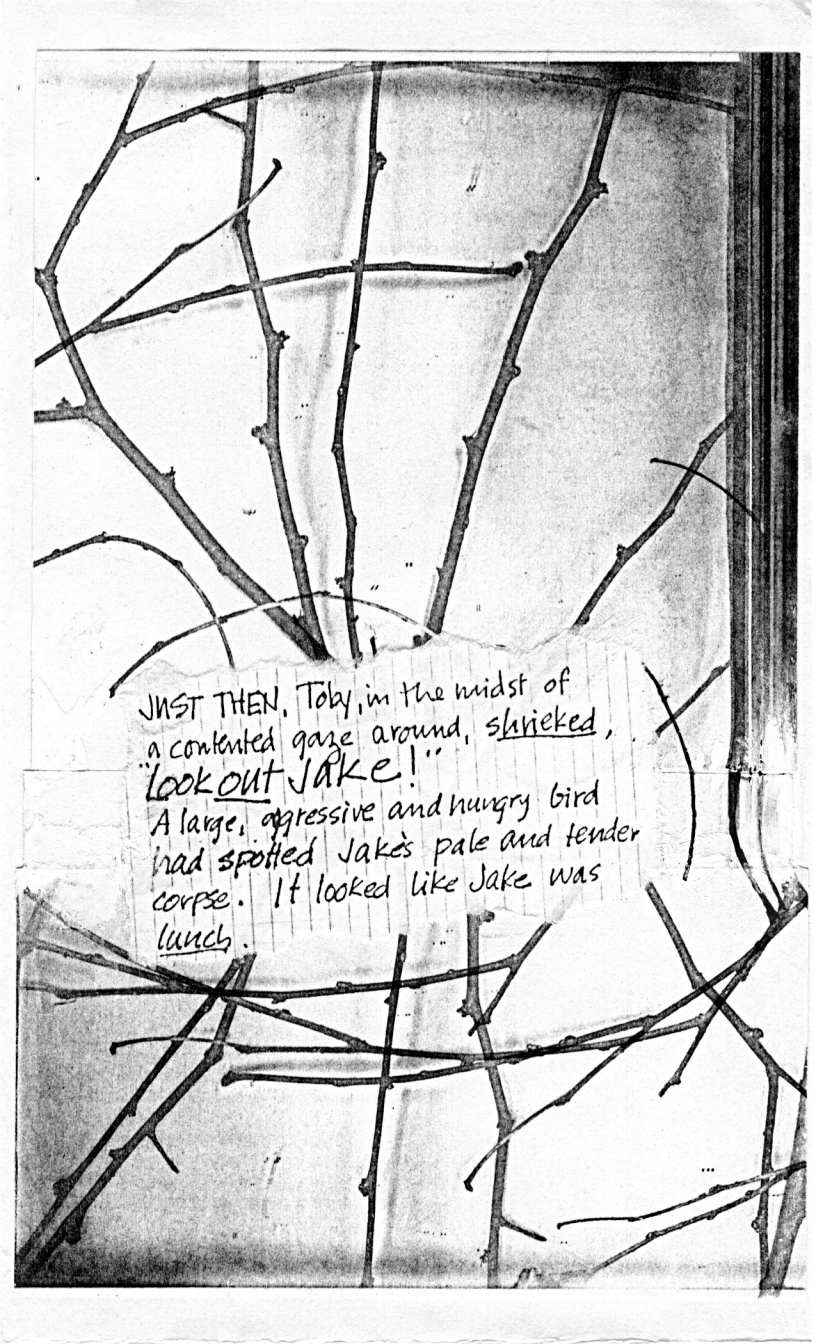


Meanwhile, Toby was looking up. In fact, the situation-in-general was looking up for Toby. He was attentive to intriguing sounds above him: circular bird twerping, linear tree creaking. He ventured up to the tree tops, not realizing the path remained on the ground. (Jake had noticed that Toby's Silent Sneaker-slapping and unprecedented avoidance of trip-ful branches were probably due to the fact that his feet never quite touched the ground.) Toby's head was light, his ears were ringing, ideas were buzzing, tape recorder taping notes.



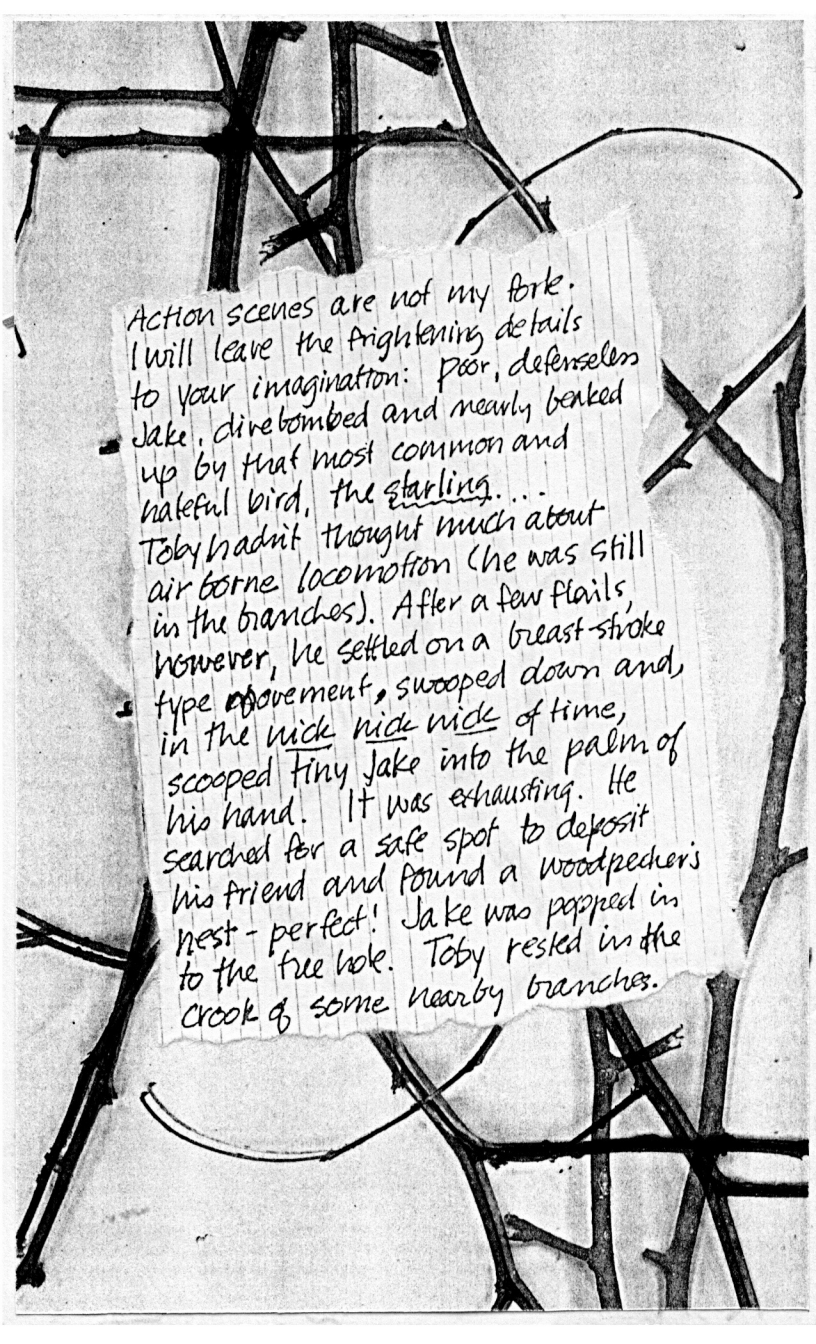
Back among the fallen leaves, Jake,
now small and white and soft
as a newly-hatched cicada (his clothes
had not shrunk with him), happened
on a lovely morchella esculenta only
slightly larger than he. Crawling in
its crennels was an ancient ant.
He and Jake made fast friends. The old
Formicid regaled Jake with stories of
his youth - particularly a splendid, hot
summer living on Coke in the trunk of
a dusty Ford.

My, it was a day.



JUST THEN, Toby, in the midst of
a contented gaze around, shrieked,
"look out Jake!"

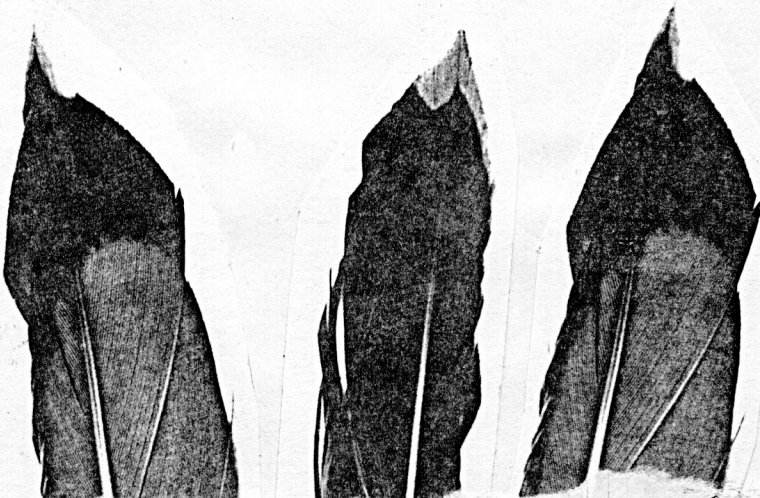
A large, aggressive and hungry bird
had spotted Jake's pale and tender
corpse. It looked like Jake was
lunch.



Action scenes are not my forte.
I will leave the frightening details
to your imagination: poor, defenseless
Jake, divebombed and nearly benched
up by that most common and
hateful bird, the starling....

Toby hadn't thought much about
air borne locomotion (he was still
in the branches). After a few flails,
however, he settled on a breast-stroke
type movement, swooped down and,
in the nick nick nick of time,
scooped tiny Jake into the palm of
his hand. It was exhausting. He
searched for a safe spot to deposit
his friend and found a woodpecker's
nest - perfect! Jake was popped in
to the tree hole. Toby rested in the
crook of some nearby branches.





of course, non-ex-urban Toby Samba Gherkin did not realize that even the resident woodpecker was not safe from the naughty starling. Jake, inside the hole, thought about a starling raid. He knew his time was limited. He began to feel littler. (Remember, however, that it was same day). Jake started to get a little bigger.



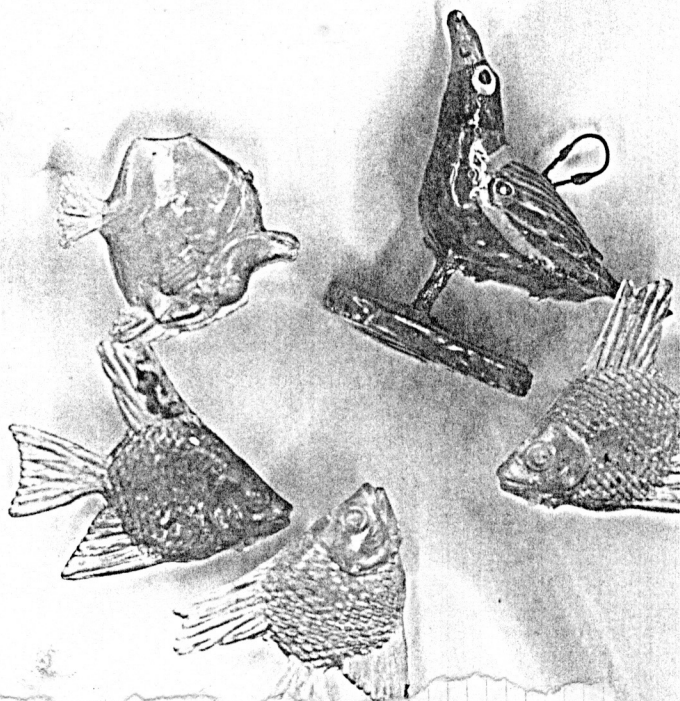
Toby, resting on a limb outside, was beginning to feel different, himself. Different even from the difference he had noticed after eating that Jell-o. For one thing, his fear of heights was returning. He felt dry, too. His limbs didn't work well. He kept writting side to side. Toby wondered where the water was. He felt very very dry.



Inside the tree, the door hole of the nest was becoming smaller....and smaller -or so it seemed to Jake, who was growing larger and larger. Should he leave his ass to the Starling or be permanently encapsulated in the woodpecker's nest?

A timely question. A considerable adventure -
So interesting.

Jake scrambled out of the hole. He was growing. Fortunately, only his right big toe, the last body part to leave the nest, was caught in the door. Pulling it free was painful and relieving: He was too big for bird lunch now. Jake clung, ever expanding, round the nubby nobby bark of a hackberry tree. As he grew he was nubbed and nobbed. This, too, was painful and relieving.



Toby laughed at Jake. It was an eerie, fishy laugh. Jake laughed, too. It was a large, booming laugh. The wiley starling, witness to Jake's escape and growth, pecked him for spite (ouch! ouch! ouch!) and flew away. Jake noticed Toby writheing. He was concerned. Toby's previously light head now felt curiously flat. He felt heavy, too heavy for air. Jake jumped down off the hackberry tree (which was not too far as he had gotten so large) and shouted, "Writhe off that branch, Toby. I'll catch you!"



But Toby didn't have to face far: Jake had grown into the tree tops. He caught quivering Toby.

To the swamp. That's where Toby needs to go, thought Jake. His extremely large walking rattled the trees as he made his way to the water. Toby gasped for water. Jake knew that Toby was becoming a carp.

Jake flung Toby into the murky water. It was his turn to relax. Head high, Jake was content to listen to bird conversations. He was a little chilly, and wondered where his clothes and essential items were, but he was content. Toby flopped out of the water and asked for the tape recorder.

Slowly, the sun's rays lengthened.
Slowly, the paradoxical, imperceptible,
incessant movement of the woods
calmed.

Slowly, Jake began to feel somewhere
between big and little.

Increasingly, Toby came up for air.

Finally, Jake could fit into his clothes
(which he did).

At last, Toby, wet and fragrant,
crawled out of the swamp.

Quite a day. So interesting.

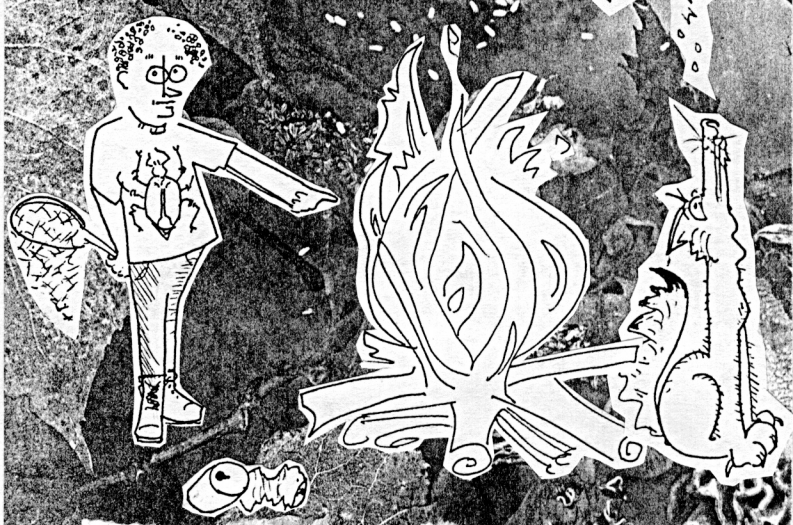
Jake and Toby built a fire. It was
a bonfire, which, of course is

a good fire. It was crackling.

It was sparking. It was dancing.

It was licking. It was a

fine sedative for that day.



WRITTEN BY SUSAN
PUT TOGETHER BY JOEL
COMIX BY KRIS
SPECIAL EFFECTS BY
ALL OF US
PART TWO OF HYPMANIA
APRIL 25 1989

